Medical Missionary

Volume XXVI No. 2
MAR.-APR., 1952

The Medical Missionary

8400 Pine Road
PHILADELPHIA 11, PA.

Volume XXVI Number 2

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

Missions

Africa, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, South America, Southern U. S.

U.S. Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.

House of Postulate—4374 Grant Rd., Mountain View, Cal.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY *is published with ecclesiastical approbation by The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Inc. in the interest of Medical Missions. Until further notice it will be issued bi-monthly. Subscriptions* $1.00 *per year;* $5 *for* 6 *years; foreign* $1.25 *per year;* $5.00 *for* 5 *years. Entered as second class matter September* 11, 1928 *at the Post Office of Philadelphia, Pa. under the act of March* 3, 1879.

Staff of Medical Missionary
Sister M. Angelica ..... Editor
Sister M. Sarah ..... Art editor

In this issue

Health for Democracy 217
Richard L-G. Deverall

Declaration of Independence 220
Rev. Patrick Duffy, C.S.C.

Are All the Sisters, Doctors and Nurses? 222
Sr. M. Alexis, S.C.M.M.

Letter from Chester Bowles 223
Ambassador to India

Profession and Reception 224

Poona Bound 226
Sr. M. Richard, Ph.B.

Importance of Point Four 229
America Magazine

Umbrella for Sale 230
Sr. M. Adelaide, S.C.M.M.

Chits 231

Twi (Twee) Talk 232
Sr. M. Raphael, Ph.G.

A Book Review ..... Inside back cover

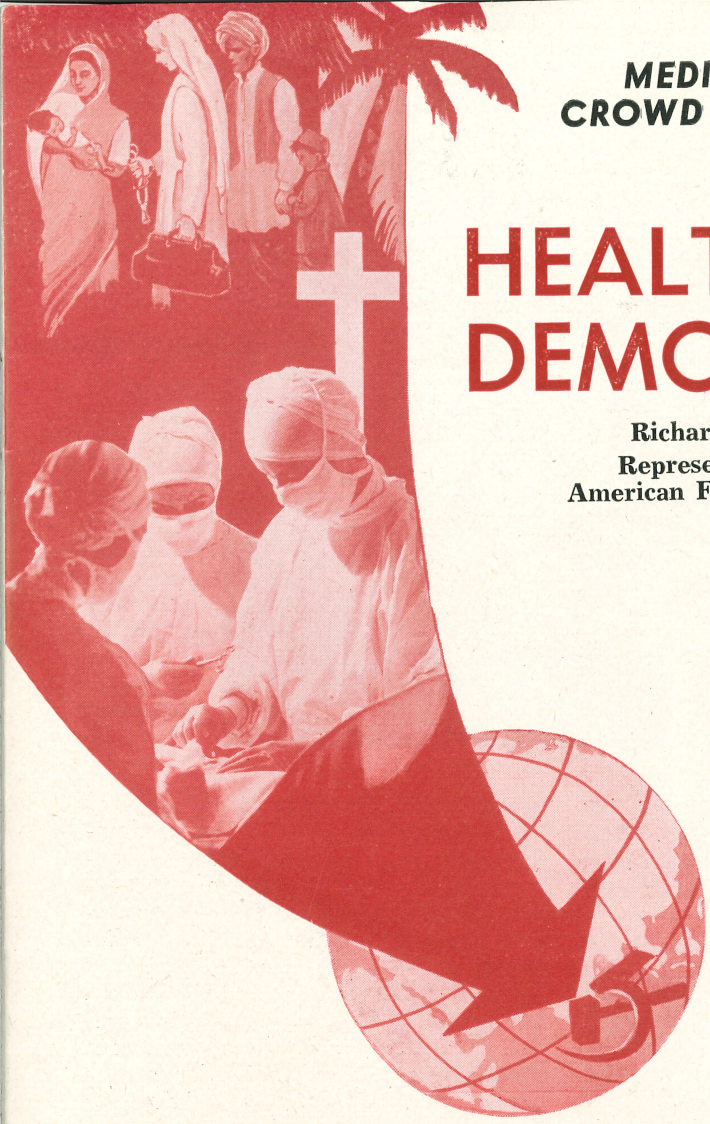
Medical Mission Institute ..... Inside back cover

YOUR WILL . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I *hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of* $..... *for its general purposes.*"

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.



MEDICAL MISSIONS CROWD OUT COMMUNISM

HEALTH FOR DEMOCRACY

Richard L-G. Deverall,
Representative-in-Asia,
American Federation of Labor.

One day I was walking down the streets of downtown Bombay. Dressed in white shorts and a bush shirt, a person came up behind me and gripped my arm. I stopped, turned around, and faced a man with a hole in his face, just over the right eye. He held out a tin cup: "Two *annas,* sahib. Very sick man! Two *annas,* (four cents) sahib?" I hardly heard him for that open sore revolted me. The man was a leper—one of the hundreds of lepers who wander the streets of the major cities of India. Knowing that the foreigner will have compassion on them, they touch your skin knowing well that most persons will give them money readily just to be on their way.

In the State of Bombay alone there are an estimated 90,000 lepers — Christ's brothers who are literally outcastes in the society in which they live. Leprosy is merely one of the terrible diseases which visit a land such as India. 51% of all recorded deaths in India are due to malaria—that dread disease which penetrates the 750,000 villages of India, corrodes the ability and will of man to work, consigns untold millions to early graves. Diarrhea and amoebic dysentery are the next major cause of death, both diseases which sap energy and bring early death. Indeed, the typical Indian has a life expectancy of only 26 years as compared with 60 for men and 64 for women in Japan.

Somehow, I never quite realized the importance of public health in building sound democracy until I first lived in Japan for three years and then

Sister M. Alma, M.D. with a group of refugees

later lived in India on and off for another three years. In Japan when I visited the cities and villages, the typical Japanese was a sturdy, chubby, vigorous person who responded to the opportunities to take part in the construction of a democratic society, particularly during the period when General MacArthur was the chief of the Occupation of Japan. The quick mind and ready wit of the Japanese was a reflection of their splendid health.

In India, on the other hand, the visiting foreigners usually left with one overall impression: *the Indians don't laugh very much.* And one should well say, why should they? for people who totter through life their blood plagued with malaria and their intestines diseased by amoeba are chronically ill. When you travel through the village areas of India, the most striking phenomenon is that of the dozens of men, women, and children who seemingly stretch out from day to day with hardly enough energy to beg let alone perform some useful work. *Perhaps in no country in the world has chronic and epidemic disease such as malaria and dysentery undermined the will of the people and destroyed much of their natural drive for happiness as in the Republic of India.*

Since India shook off alien rule, her economy has been shaky and ailing. In some areas, the government spends less money today for public health than it did ten years ago. As *Time* pointed out on the 6th of August 1951, in the vast state of Madras, 8,300 of the 8,500 doctors in the State are concentrated in the cities despite the fact that 85% of the people live in villages. And today the doctors of Madras die off quicker than new men can be trained. The harsh economic fact behind this situation is that the terrible poverty of the villagers and the workers on the huge plantations is such that they simply can't pay for any medical aid. Although the rich planters and landowners reap fat profits, the little Indians who toil in the fields and work

in the village mud-hut shops often have a yearly cash revenue of only $20 to $30. In no country in the world is there such shocking and widespread destitution as in India.

Today two persons are going down to the little man in India. One is the Communist who preaches his so-called "land reform" program: kill the landlord, divide the land, and then send your son to the Red Army. That is the formula which helped Mao Tze-tung to conquer China. The other major force is found in the missionaries who live not in fine houses in the big cities but go out to the villages to reach the tribals, the untouchables, and 85% of the common people of India. India, you know, has an estimated 25,000,000 tribal or aboriginal population — many of whom are bought and sold practically as slave laborers. In Hyderabad State it is estimated that 60,000 village children are slave laborers for rich land owners.

It is to these tribals, aboriginals, and untouchables that our Catholic missions direct their effort. And of them all, the medical missionaries face the monumental task of fighting malaria, dysentery, and trying to make healthy human beings out of diseased, broken bodies and sapped minds. The Communist gives the little people "promises" in return for votes. The medical missionary helps to heal the body, inspires in people a respect for their own human dignity given them by God Himself, and this combined assault on chronic poverty and disease is an infinitely more basic attack on the evils of society than any possible "promise" from a Communist.

Time is short in India. The Communist armies of Mao Tze-tung hover over India and threaten that noble country from the Tibetan border. In Upper Burma, which faces directly on India, the Communist guerillas have established a strong base. Should they continue to expand their area of control, the time will come when eastern India will be penetrated by armed Communist guerilla fighters. The poverty and disease so rampant in India will afford them fertile ground for their drive to turn the Republic of India into a Communist satellite of Moscow and Peking.

We should contribute generously—most generously!—to the work of the medical missionaries for they are on the front line fighting for a better world, fighting for healthy bodies so that with health will come sharpened minds, more chance for little people to realize that they **are** the children of God. **The medical mission work, to my way of thinking, is the most practical form of aid we are giving India today. For it is not dollars or guns which we give India through the medical missions, but human beings dedicated to Christ and His Church and seeking in return only the appreciation by Indians of their human dignity and an opportunity for these oppressed people to know and love God and to serve Him, here and hereafter!**

Untouchable Mother and Child—India

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Rev. Patrick Duffy, C.S.C.

The patronal feast of our Society is the Annunciation, as on that day Our Lady, by consenting the become the Mother of Christ, became the Cause of Our Joy.

That this is an important day for the whole world is the theme of Fr. Duffy's article.

Writers are beginning to refer to ours as the Atomic Age. Instead of familiar initials "A. D." after a date, signifying that Christ has come on this earth and that we live in a "year of the Lord," they would have us add, instead, the initials "A.A." to remind us that the atom bomb has fallen into our midst. The Atomic Age began that day over Hiroshima when man discovered a quick way to destroy life. The Years of Our Lord began on Annunciation Day, the day Our Lord brought Divine Life to mankind.

Not being a nihilist the Christian will prefer the positive and purposeful idea connoted by Anno Domini— living in a year of and with and for Our Lord— to the negative, horrible status connoted by the Atom Age.

These 1952 years of Our Lord began, of course, on Annunciation Day. That is why Annunciation Day could be termed the most important feast of the entire year. How infinitely more pregnant with meaning, for example, is Annunciation Day than Hiroshima Day. Thanksgiving Day merely signified gratitude for earthly blessings. Christmas Day is but the fulfillment of Annunciation Day. Even Easter is but the grand, conquering climax of what happened on Annunciation Day.

When you stop to consider, it is rather amazing that such little attention is paid to Annunciation Day. I suppose it is because announcements are being made all the time. Someone sends you an announcement of the coming marriage of a daughter. A general announces the gain or loss of a mile of territory. An ambitious fellow announces for public office. A train despatcher announces the arrival of a train on track five. And the Catholic Church has Annunciation Day. It comes along on the cold, hard busy tracks of our daily routine; it goes out, and we look for some new announcement.

Nevertheless it is a fact that because of what happened Annunciation Day, every day since has been everlastingly different. Because on that day, through Mary, we were divinized. That is what makes Annunciation Day the greatest day in history. Mankind was radically changed that day, changed to its very roots. Never more would mankind ever be the same. Because on that day poor mortality took on Divinity: "be it done unto me according to Thy Word."

Of course, the best description of Annunciation Day has been written by St. John. It is the greatest thing he ever wrote; it is one of the most sublime things ever written in any literature. It is so "out of this world" that John's inspired clarity must have come from the lips of Christ Himself. While John hung his head on the breast of Christ, the God-Man must have breathed the epochal words which John later used as the banner headline of his Gospel. It sounds like Christ's own autobiography as He described His beginnings amongst us. It is so sweeping and so profound that millions stand each day, during the last Gospel of the Mass, to recall their birth to eternity and His birth to mortality.

Perhaps a better term for Annunciation Day would be Declaration Day. On that day a personal ambassador of God declared unto Mary that she was to be the mother of God. Mary declared that God's Will would be hers. "And the Word was made flesh and pitched His tent amongst us." **It was a declaration of Independence. No longer would our tainted nature be dependent on the caprice of the flesh, dependent on the sway of Satan, dependent on the hope of the Messias sometime in the future.**

At creation God made man to His image and likeness. Now, thanks to Adam's "happy fault," God would join man to His Divinity and "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." Amongst us God would live and move and have His being. Amongst us He would later work out the means whereby each human being would also be "born again," to use His own words, and this new life in us would be His Divine life. Later He would set up Church and Sacraments as vehicles to perpetuate this giving-of-life. But it all began on Annunciation Day.

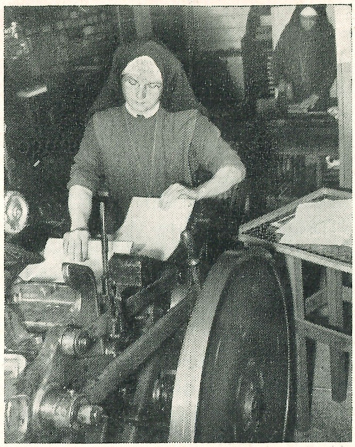
The Annunciation, then, is not a mere minor, ordinary event in history. It is the most extra-ordinary event since the Creation, which is its only parallel. The Incarnation, which took place on Annunciation Day, is the "greatest historical event that has ever been or ever will be and it dwarfs into utter insignificance everything contained in human records." **Our re-creation in grace, which happened on that 25th of March, is nothing less than the birthday of the human race. On Annunciation Day God was made flesh and flesh became capable of things divine.**

Cause of Our Joy

Thy Maternity, O Virgin Mother of God, announced **joy to the whole world;** for out of thee arose the Sun of justice, Christ our God; Who, taking off the curse, hath bestowed blessing; and defeating death, hath given us life everlasting.

Are All The Sisters Doctors and Nurses?

Sr. M. Alexis, S.C.M.M.



SISTER PRINTER

Of course, the answer is "no," but this poses another question and we are in the position of the Irishman who answers a question with a question. What do the other Sisters do?

Well, our Rule says: "The medical field demands the collaboration of the different professions dealing with the prevention and alleviation of disease, as well as that of a variety of non-medical activities necessarily connected with the carrying on of the works of the Society."

Some of these different professions are: x-ray, dietetics, pharmacy, and medical technology. All contribute their share, along with the doctors and nurses, to the prevention and alleviation of disease.

If we cannot picture Holy Family Hospital functioning without these people, it is just as impossible to imagine the whole hospital without Sisters engaged in non-medical activities. Efficient housekeepers and office staff contribute their share to the medical apostolate.

Yet we have not touched on the many Sisters who keep the Motherhouse running. How would the letters be answered except for the Sisters who devote their time to them? And the magazine which gives our benefactors, parents and friends an idea of the work of the Society, its development, aims, accomplishments, etc.? . . . Or the cooks, bless them, who do such a wonderful work in feeding the community.

Oh, there are many jobs at home. Some go "questing" or collecting as we call it. Others teach the Novices and Postulants that they may one day take their place in the Society. There is farm work to be done, habits to be made, office work, art work, printing and other tasks *ad infinitum*.

Are all the Sisters doctors and nurses? Hardly . . . but here is the wonderful thing. The first aim of the Society is the honor and glory of God; secondly the personal sanctification of each of its members. To achieve this personal sanctification it is not *what* we do, but *how* we do it that makes us great in the eyes of God. Spiritual writers tell us that if we are faithful to the task assigned, however little it may be, we are as distinguished and eminent in God's eyes as the most learned.

An appropriate thought is one from St. Paul. "For as the body is one and has many members, and all the members, many as they are, form one body, so also it is with Christ. . ." If the whole body were an eye, where would be the hearing? If the whole body were hearing, where would be the smelling? But as it is, God has set the members, each of them, in the body as He willed.

So, in the Mystical Body, the Society is an organic living unit and *all* of the Sisters are *equally* held to contribute to the perfection of the whole no matter how their several functions may differ in this unit.

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ADDRESS OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO
American Embassy,
New Delhi, India, February 12, 1952.

Dear Sister:

I am delighted to have the opportunity to say a word about the splendid work the members of your order are doing here in India. Your work and attempt in improving the health conditions of the very poor here is in exactly the same spirit as the Point Four Program with the underdeveloped areas in the world.

I think it is of the first importance that your Sisters be encouraged in every way possible to expand their work. I hope that the day will never come when problems like these are exclusively the concern of the government.

I enjoyed your wonderful pamphlet, "Crowding Out Communism." It is the kind of work that your Sisters are doing rather than all the speeches in the world which will finally crowd communism out of Asia.

With my very best wishes,

Sincerely,

Chester Bowles

Chester Bowles

Mr. Chester Bowles is the newly appointed U. S. Ambassador to India.

Observing Mr. Bowles' reference to U. S. hope of assisting the economically-depressed areas of the world, the Hindustan Times said: "There can be nothing but praise for a policy that would fight the spread of Communism, not by reliance on military resistance, but by altering for the better, conditions in which communism thrives."

Sr. M. Michaela Healy
Argentia, Newfoundland

Sr. M. Karen Gossman
Louisville, Ky.

Sr. M. Carol Huss
Hammond, Ind.

Sr. M. Ramona Tener
Okla City, Okla.

Sr. M. Ruth Hurley
Southington, Conn.

Sr. M. Marilyn Maguire
Phila., Pa.

Sr. M. Thomasina Heidkamp
Chicago, Ill.

Sr. M. Marion Horne
Winsted, Conn,

PROFESSION a

"The kingdom of this world and all its pom
Christ, Whom I have seen, Whom I have loved,
(Profession

On February 11th, Feast of
(pictured on the side) made thei
the habit of the Society. The cere
(pictured above).

THOSE WHO RECEIVED THE HABIT

Sr. M. Miguel Edmonds, Las Vegas, N. M.
Sr. M. Bede, Twomey, St. Cloud, Minn.
Sr. M. Austin Jung, Cincinnati, Ohio
Sr. M. Venard Cleary, Duxbury, Mass.
Sr. M. DeMontfort Kershbaumer, Hazleton, Pa.
Sr. Rosemary Smyth, Elmhurst, N. Y.
Sr. M. Bridget Gosinski, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sr. M. Simon Mehrl, Dubuque, Ia.
Sr. M. Muriel Von Hoene, Rutherford, N. J.
Sr. M. Terence Phelan, Shaker Heights, Ohio
Sr. M. Berchmans Klein, Harrison, N. Y.
Sr. M. Hildegarde Kane, Lenarkshire, Scotland
Sr. M. Denise Shields, Baltimore, Md.
Sr. M. Ambrose Quill, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sr. M. Stella Gootee, Loogootee, Ind.
Sr. M. Zita Sampon, Wauwatosa, Wis.

nd RECEPTION

, I have despised for the love of Our Lord Jesus
n Whom I have believed; Whom I have chosen."
Ceremony)

Our Lady of Lourdes, 16 novices
first vows. 22 postulants received
nony took place in our new chapel

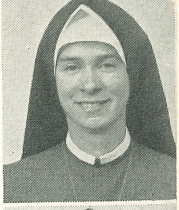
Sr. M. Annette Froelich, Johnstown, Pa.
Sr. M. Leo Sanford, Fremont, Ohio
Sr. M. Lois Dix, Chicago, Ill.
Sr. M. Bernardine Premeaux, Abbeville, La.
Sr. M. Loyola Yasinskas, Scranton, Pa.
Sr. Marie Inez Hacket, Pawtucket, R.I.

THOSE WHO RENEWED VOWS

Sr. M. Sarah Lorenz, Dubuque, Ia.
Sr. M. Maureen Coyle, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sr. M. Thaddeus Fricker, Tucson, Ariz.
Sr. M. Aquinas Hamilton, New York, N. Y.
Sr. M. George Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.
Sr. M. Kathleen Fitzgerald, Jersey City, N. J.
Sr. M. William Dougherty, Blue Island, Ill.
Sr. M. Joachim Harker, Belleville, N. J.

FINAL PROFESSION

Sr. M. Camillus Healy, Newton, Ia.
(in Africa)



Sr. M. Elaine Desjardins
Montreal, Canada

Sr. M. Carmelita Jaramillo
San Luis, Colo.

Sr. M. Jose Arcellana
Manila, P.I.

Sr. M. Mark Stadler
So. Ozone, N. Y.

Sr. M. Shaun White
Baltimore, Md.

Sr. M. Eileen Castellini
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sr. M. Lourdes Cosgrove
St. Albans, N. Y.

Sr. M. Ronald Stevens
Pittsburgh, Pa.

POONA BOUND

Sr. M. Richard, Ph.B.

Dear Sisters,

The two "old salts" are bobbing up again to greet you from the Red Sea—which really is dark blue-black. At times when the sun shines brightly the surface is supposed to have a red tint, hence the name. The color is caused by the millions of microscopic plants that inhabit the waters and they are, by the way, the saltiest of ocean waters. But enough of this Oceanography and a bit about our travels.

We started the Church Unity Octave properly upon our arrival in Beirut, Lebanon—our first foreign stopover. Sister Henrietta and I had great plans for Church-hunting since we arrived around four on Saturday. But with the wink of God's Eye it turned from day to dark night—no lingering twilights here. The Captain said that he would have a friend of his take us to the Church, so all was well.

Next morning an Irish Catholic from New York City, Mr. Peter J. Galvin arrived to take us to Church. A typical New Yorker, he seemed overjoyed to see us and immediately we knew that we would be well taken care of that day. Our passports were left at the gate and we received a card permitting us to visit Lebanon. As you probably know our passports are in our baptismal name with "known as Sister M. Richard" added. Mine is typed-in very officially: Mary Louise Lynch Known as Sister Mary Richard. The Lebanonese customs officer copied: Miss Mary Louise Lynch Known. So in Lebanon I am known as, "Miss Known."

We drove to the chapel of St. Charles. A Capuchin Father is chaplain and all the English and American Catholics attend Mass there. Father gave a fine, solid sermon on Our Lady. The gospel was on the Miracle of Cana. How tremendous to hear those Sanctus bells ringing once more. After Mass and Holy Communion, I had old home week or something—the Capuchin Father was from Baltimore and Father Dunn — a priest I knew from Baltimore came over to the Chapel to see the Americans. He is Nuncio for Lebanon. You automatically become old friends with any other American you meet from Gibraltar on, therefore the reception received was a grand one. After breakfast with Mr. Galvin and two most charming Lebanonese ladies we were introduced to the Middle East.

A Dodge sedan drove us around hairpin roads and the "U-est" turns I ever saw. We traveled upwards about 2 or 3000 feet. On the highest point of the mountain on the top of a tower stood Notre Dame de Lebanon — a huge white statue of Our Blessed Mother. She towers above orange groves and banana trees growing in the terraced gardens of pastel colored houses on the mountain side—yellow, pale green, blue

and pink houses with baby blue shutters. Looking below you can see the sky-blue (ever so delicate light blue) Mediterranean—looks like a mirror from that height.

The whole picture was the most beautiful I had ever seen. A last "close-up look" at the Queen and we drove down the curves again. Through very narrow streets we travelled finding little Arab boys with scrawny cattle and people—all kinds of people everywhere.

In Beirut there are no street lights, no traffic cops and no signals—one leans on the horn and drives ahead. They don't have horns on their cars —they have cars on their horns. Everyone beeps all the time—great fun —great commotion. The streets are only wide enough for one-way traffic but they are used as two-lane highways. The houses along the streets have broad overhanging balconies, the roofs are flat and many have grape arbors on top. We were involved in several weddings that day —really made the morning's gospel come alive for there was feasting, wine, water jars and Jewish people.

We saw the turbaned Lebanonese men, Mohammedans and Arabs with their veils, about the length of ours with two ¾ inch black cords around their foreheads, making the cap effect. They looked just like their pictures. We saw several mounted behind the wheels of Plymouth cars! In our travels we drove past an Arab refugee camp, families who were driven out of Jerusalem. They live in tents in dire poverty. I saw several little boys playing in the mud with only their birthday suits on — we were comfortable in wool habits.

Tea, out on a veranda was enjoyed while watching the sea, the mountains and the fusia covered homes. It was a perfect ending for our introduction to the East. Our fellow passengers were envious after a brief account of our sight-seeing. As Mr. Galvin said it was "the luck of the Irish" or just plain spoiling on Providence's part.

Sr. M. Richard and Sr. M. Henrietta "bound for Poona" to join the staff of the new Indian Novitiate. They sailed from N. Y. Jan. 6th on the S. S. Steel Director.

Our next port was Alexandria, Egypt. Before arrival we resigned ourselves to staying aboard since all advised us that it would not be "advisable" to go about because of the recent trouble. Much to our surprise, Captain Ryan came to invite us to go with him to the Consul's office and to the Ship's agent where he had to leave some papers.

So we saw some of Alexandria. It is a flat city built along the shores of the Mediterranean. The red fez was everywhere and so were night-shirted Egyptians. Some of the men wear long gowns made of the same material that their business suit would be made of—were they wearing one.

THE RESURRECTION
Angela Trindade

We could see King Farouk's 7,000 room house from the ship. From the car we saw some of the poor homes which house more than the King's does, and they do it in one room. Visited St. Catherine's Church and talked to a Franciscan Brother from Texas. You have to get the key to get into the Churches here and it is inconvenient to do so—it seems a shame in these countries where Christ is needed so sorely that His Sacramental Presence is not easily accessible. It makes you realize the need to carry Him—bear Him within us to the multitudes of people who seem to congregate on corners—waiting for something to happen. "Waiting" is an occupation in these parts.

Suez was next on our schedule. We joined a convoy of 16 other ships and we sailed, one ship after another through the Suez. It is only about 88 miles long but it took us about 14 hours for the vessels cannot go fast; if they would, the propellors would be too much for the "big ditch." That's just what the Suez is—a big ditch with sand on either side. When we went through, it was so calm — — the motors were down to a hum and there was no clapping of water against the ship, only blue and white sky above and a vivid green water, lazy water in the canal—sand everywhere and a "camel" smell in the air.

It is become much warmer. Tomorrow we will be in Arabia—Jedda. Again we may go Church hunting—although from all reports, Jedda hasn't much more than sand.

I got off the Church Unity Octave track, but during it, we saw Maronite and Coptic Churches and priests, Armenian Churches and lots of Mohammedans. This is a Church History teacher's paradise, and I'm having quite a *refresher* course.

Remember Simeon's words—"God has prepared Salvation—Christ—before the face of all peoples"—well we are seeing some of the faces—very different from our own, for which Christ was prepared. Watching some of the beautiful faces of these peoples and thinking of the care Christ mentioned concerning the birds—how He loves these men who loll in the sun or the little Mohammedan I saw squatting— face towards the East—praying earnestly, the Church Unity Octave came before me with a great deal of force this year.

A big hello to Medical Missionaries on land from the Medical Missionaries on sea.

This is the Day which the Lord hath made + let us rejoice and be glad in it +

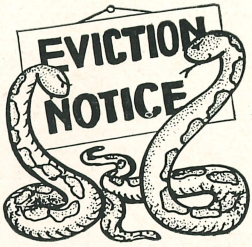
IMPORTANCE OF POINT FOUR

The numberless millions in Asia and Africa, now awakening from the long sleep of colonialism, are stirred not only by a nascent nationalism but also by hunger. The surprising gains made by the Communists in the recent elections in India are attributed by competent observers to the simple fact that the Nehru Government has been unable to keep rice stocks up to the minimum food needs. When the Communists told the hungry voters of South India that the Congress Party had refused to accept large offers of rice from Russia, many of them promptly voted red. In the long run, military power is not enough to meet the Communist challenge. Underfed and underprivileged peoples all over the old colonial world are demanding, with justice, food for their bellies and a more human way of life for their children. And they will take it where they can get it—or where they think they can get it.

The Point 4 program of assistance to under-developed countries, often the target of the selfish and the penny-wise among us, is a long-range plan to bring economic stability to the distressed areas of the world. . . . Where there is hunger and economic insecurity, stable political rule is impossible, and a classic field for Communist agitation is opened up.

America, February 9, 1952

Milk Kitchen, Holy Family Hospital, Patna, Sr. M. Anastasia presiding.



UMBRELLA FOR SALE

Sr. M. Adelaide, S.C.M.M.

Yes, we changed our roof—with difficulty. The nice cool thatched old covering consisting of straws, overlaid by russet colored tiles is now replaced by grey asbestos sheets which reflect an uncomfortable glare in the noonday sun.

Somehow that old thatched roof had advantages in the tropics which the new materials do not possess—especially since we cannot afford insulation and air conditioning.

Of course, the crows displaced the tiles, looking for a dinner underneath; the wind lifted them up and sometimes blew them away. Our animal friends also appreciated the coolness. Any time of the day or night one might hear a rat scuttling around above one's head, and when all was quiet it would come down for a look around.

It was a breeding place too, for the snakes. One could pretend also, to be at the circus. All one had to do was look up twenty feet overhead to see a whole family of kraits draped from the ceiling. Whether it was the picture of St. Patrick on the wall, or the servants' vain attempts to catch them, which finally broke them of the habit of swinging from the rafters, no one knows. However, all the servants did was knock them down and invariably they got away through the windows, alive and well. Surely they returned to their home upstairs.

Last year during the monsoon the old roof began to let in rivers, not just trickles, and it was like playing checkers to get the patients' beds in the wards, and the nurses' beds in the dormitory into a dry spot.

The rains were with us again this year, before the steel — which had been ordered for months—finally arrived. Providence assisted and held back the floods on the days when an entire ward or dormitory had to be exposed to the elements to permit the replacing of wooden rafters by iron beams. Every hole, every bit of riveting was hand work. Only two mistries had the strength to bore holes through the steel. And the noise of the beating and the hammering was deafening.

It took two months and an average of fifty workmen, mistries, and coolies to change the roof on the old hospital. What we thought would never end is now finished, and surprisingly life seems a little dull in comparison with the recent activity. There are no more of Father Loesch's mistries standing around or knocking on the door, calling Sister, "Mam-

ma, mamma." There are no more interesting coolie women carrying bricks, or baskets of tiles on their heads, moving gracefully up or down a ladder with their burden. There are no more children, naked, crying or laughing, sleeping or getting bathed under the tap. There are no more rows of tired sleepers stretched out under a tree or in a shady corner for their noonday siesta. There are no more bullock carts bringing supplies or clearing the rubbage. They have all moved to the site of the new hospital.

The rubber sheet which was used to protect the altar, and the umbrella which Sister used to prop over the patients' beds are now for sale.

GEORGIA

The past month was filled with many surgical patients. One had a solid cystic tumor which weighed about 10 lbs. Another patient with cancer had the left part of the hard palate and jaw completely removed by cauterization. Surgery was delayed for an hour and a half as the two doctors and anesthetist worked hard to find a vein for the I.V. pentathol. The patient received two blood transfusions following surgery, but the problem of I.V. feedings seemed hopeless. "You know Levine tubes are rather uncomfortable," the doctor said. "Why don't you try to get her to swallow?" The patient was offered a glass of water. She took it unceremoniously and from her first post-operative day on, she took fluids by mouth!

May and June, twin sisters, were hospitalized with their brother for a family "T" and "A" party. (Tonsils and Adenoids.) Miss Jackson wanted to know if she should call the brother, July. "Oh, no," was the answer. "We have a little sister at home whom we call July."

Recently Daniel, our delinquent diabetic patient, has shown steady improvement and was complimented on the fact. "Oh, you won't have to worry any more about me, Mam. The watermelon season is over."

RAWALPINDI

Last evening Sister Alma was at the desk talking to me when a man came up to ask her about his wife's condition. He told her that his wife was feeling very weak and tired and would she please "Give her an injection so she will be able to REST IN PEACE." Both Sr. Alma and I spontaneously laughed—Sister however, immediately asked if he meant ETERNALLY.

Sr. M. Christopher

MARACAIBO

When it is *not* hot here, it is hotter. So we manage to keep quite comfortable in spite of the shortage of sweaters. It is true though that when the Trade Winds blow, so do you—unless you hold on to the nearest I.V. stand. Now these I.V. stands are unique. Most stands that I ever worked with, fall over at the slightest provocation. But not our stands! They are made to withstand the strongest Trade Wind blowing. It takes the full energy of two strong nurses to carry one down the hall. I think they should be on a "Test Your Strength" program.

Sr. M. Declan

R. I. P.

Sr. M. Joseph Anita, C.S.C., Columbus, Ohio
Sr. M. Michael Egan, S.S.J., Baden, Pa.
Mrs. E. V. M. Blackburn, Rapallo, Italy
(Niece of Dr Agnes McLaren)
Mr. Joseph Caroll, Baltimore, Md.
(Father of Sr. M. Clare, S.C.M.M.)
Mr. Robert H. Castellini, Cincinnati, Ohio
(Father of Sr. M. Eileen, S.C.M.M.)
Mr. Frederick P. Kenkel, St. Louis, Mo.
Mr. Kenneth King, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Grace McCarthy, Phila., Pa.
Dr. Thomas F. White, Baltimore, Md.
(Father of Sr. M. Shawn, S.C.M.M.)

"Happy Easter, Akua," says Sr. M. Josephine.

TWI TALK

Holy Family Dispensary
Berekum, Gold Coast
B. W. Africa

Twi is the basic language spoken by the principal tribes, in the Gold Coast.

We started Holy Week with the High Mass and Procession of the Palms, on Palm Sunday. This procession is known as the small procession to distinguish it from the Corpus Christi procession—a three hour affair. The small procession covers a few acres of mission grounds, the faithful singing hosannas and waving palm branches they themselves have cut and brought to the Church. This year, because of the oppressive heat which persisted despite the inaugural rains, the services were shortened to only two hours.

We mentioned the peculiar attachment the natives have for the veneration of Good Friday. Pagan and Christian alike respect Christ as a Great Chief, Whose death must be mourned according to their custom. Beginning Holy Thursday the Catholics keep watch before the Altar of Repose, as they would attend the side of a dying friend or relative. In the villages where there is no resident priest, the catechists gather the Christians in the little mud chapels, and hold *wake keeping*, singing hymns and watching as mourners at a wake.

Holy Thursday night we saw the consequences of their wake keeping. Applying the funeral aspect literally, they mourn in the best Ashanti custom, with palm wine.

We had many calls during the night for those who had gotten sick or hurt as a result.

For Easter we had a whole chapel full of beautiful white lilies. And we also had a dispensary full of patients and relatives—and two new Easter babies. The baby girl born to one of the Mothers was the only girl after five sons, and was a most welcome arrival. Here the girl's family receives the gifts at marriage, and the boy's family does the paying!

When the holidays came, the little school children marched home, copy books and ink bottles balanced on their small heads, and pens stuck through their black wooly hair.

BOOK REVIEW

The University of Chicago Press makes available Kenneth Perry Landon's SOUTHEAST ASIA . . . the Crossroads of religion.

In a concise and instructive fashion Kenneth Landon begins his study by taking the reader over the topographical, geographical and climatic conditions of the countries of Southeast Asia covering the lands, the peoples, and their folkways.

The region made up of Burma, Siam, Indonesia, China and the Dutch East Indies, has offered a neutral crossroad for the progressive religions of Hindus, Moslems, Chinese and Westerners. In his study, Mr. Landon uses religion as . . . "any cult used by man to explain his relations with the unseen and seen world about him."

The influence of the religious beliefs and practices of this region is clearly dealt with, and the reader sees the successes and failures of the attempts. Through it all the peoples of Southeast Asia, continue in their traditional practices, while here and there the influence of the invading religions is felt. It is Mr. Landon's opinion that westernization will affect more people than any other did.

For the student of comparative religions, as well as for the missionary, Mr. Landon's book provides valuable information on the cultural development of this region.

Sr. M. Nivard

MEDICAL MISSION INSTITUTE OF WURZBURG

The Medical Mission Institute of Würzburg, which began in 1922 was obliged by the war to cease its activities. It is again back into operation. Last year the institute was able to send six doctors, five of whom were women, to various missions. It hopes to send a greater number soon.

Doctor Frederick Jans M.S.C. the actual director of the institute has brought a number of changes in keeping with the present day requirements of the missions and also in consonance with the wishes of mission superiors. For the last year, as a consequence of these changes—besides men and especially women doctors—nurses and midwives, who are ready to devote themselves to mission work according to the Evangelical counsels and to unite according to the spirit of "Provida Mater", are receiving their training for mission work at the institute.

In the future members will be sent in groups which will be made up according to specific needs. In the missions they will lead a community life and they will perform their specific tasks under the exclusive direction of the mission superior.

The former House of Study of the institute was damaged during the war. A new house dedicated to St. Francis Xavier has been built in Würzburg which can accommodate 100 members. (Fides)

Kindly send THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **Zone** ____ **State** _____

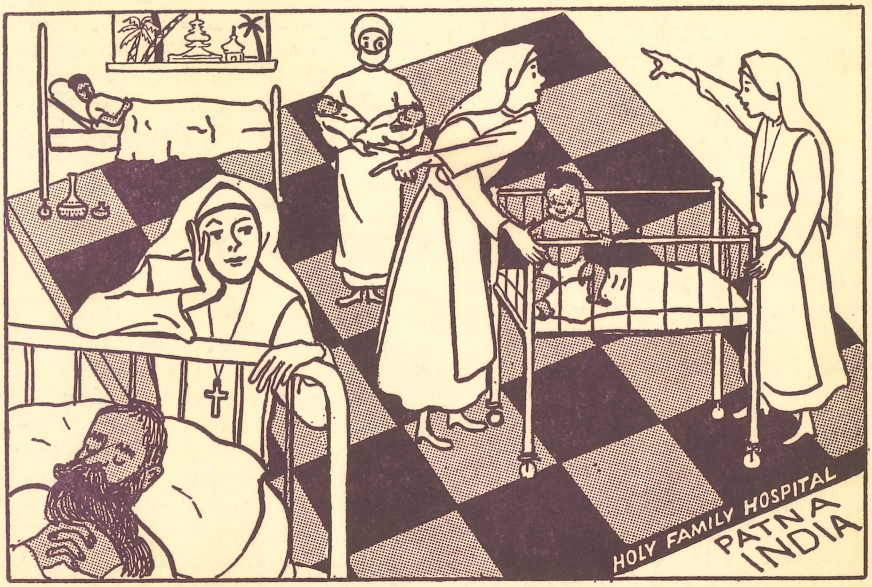
MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.

U. S. $1.00 for 1 year; $5 for 6 years

Foreign: $1.25 for 1 year; $5.00 for 5 years

Mr. & Mrs. R.P. Pritchard & Jr.
128-26 146 ST. P 10-52
SO. OZONE PARK 20, L.I., N.Y.



Isn't It Your Move Next?

Dear St. Joseph:

It's not that we aren't grateful for all you've done since your arrival in Patna; it's only that the patients keep pouring into the old, crowded building until we can't find another spot. It's like playing a game of checkers all day.

Take today, for instance, we moved little Sam Babu into the women's ward so Ram Chandra could have a bed in the men's ward; then six beds into the four-bed wards; ten beds into the six-bed wards etc. etc. That's our double jump! ISN'T IT YOUR MOVE NEXT?

Won't you ask your friends for their alms during Lent to help us with our "moving" problem? Tell them they'll share in the heavenly winnings.

Gratefully yours,

Mother Anna Dengel, M.D.

ARE YOU A FRIEND OF ST. JOSEPH?

Dear Mother Dengel,

Here is my contribution $_____ for your Holy Family Hospital in Patna.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____